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has the best comprehended the union of the greatest power of the prince and the greatest liberty of the people, and he calls that a rare felicity*—

‘No matter, he is the historian of a party, and the Roman people was not of the same party as Tacitus. They loved those emperors whom Tacitus makes so fearful. Men do not love monsters. The monstrosities of the empire proceeded from factions.—

‘There was no longer a Roman people in Rome, sire; it was a populace from all the parts of the universe, which applauded, with all its might, the most detestable emperor turned into a bad actor, provided they were paid for their shouts, with bread and the games.—

‘And his style do, you think it without fault? After having read it, you are obliged to seek out the meaning. For myself, I like a clear writer. I think you and I should agree, M. Suard?—

In this conversation, Bonaparte betrays an evident consciousness that his own moral character stood upon a level with that of Tiberius and the other profligate Roman emperors,—a severer satire perhaps than any that has been directed against him by his enemies.

ART. XIV.—1. *Taschenbuch für Reisende in den Harz.*—*Pocket-book for Travellers to the Harz. By Frederic Gottschalk. Magdeburg, 1806, 12mo, pp. 486.*

2. *An Excursion to the Harz Mountains. 1818, 8vo, pp. 75.*

THE part of Germany, which forms the subject of these two works, is in many respects highly worthy of attention. The Harz mountains, or the Harz wood, is considered as the remains of the great Hercynian forest, which in the time of Cæsar, and according to his computation, was sixty days’ journey long and nine wide; dimensions, which would make it almost co-extensive with Germany. The name *Hercynian* has commonly been supposed to have been formed from that of *Harz*, which is still retained by the forest and the mountains which it covers, and which signifies literally *pitch*. Some of the German antiquaries, however, give another ground for the denomination of *Harz*, as applied to this forest.

The Harz mountains are particularly interesting to the geologist and the mineralogist, and have been called by

* *Rara temporum felicitas, ubi sentire quid velis et quid sentias dicere liceat.*

Hausmann ‘a compendium of the Alps.’ The following passage, from the introduction of the work of Mr. Gottschalk, will sufficiently indicate to our scientific readers the importance of this tract of country, in reference to their peculiar studies.

‘The entire Harz is, as it were, a single mountain, rising almost without exception suddenly from the surrounding plain, and when seen at a distance appearing as one mass. On its ridge, which rises to a great height from the plain, and is in some places precipitous, are to be observed, for the most part, only small elevations and depressions, and the deep beds of torrents. Upon the north, however, a second higher and abrupt elevation ascends, full of rocks and their fragments. This second elevation consists wholly of granite, and terminates in a summit called the Brocken. It forms the nucleus, on which the other portions of the Harz were successively deposited. The *second* mass, surrounding the granite, is of far more recent origin, and consists of various materials, which, diverse as they are, may be reduced to one formation, of which grau wacke is the characteristic; and it is here that the mineral veins begin and principally exist. At the foot of the grau wacke formation are found, around the Harz, various strata, for the most part in horizontal direction and determinate succession, lying upon each other in a wave-like manner, and constituting a very extensive *flöz* formation of comparatively recent date. This formation extends itself in moderate elevations through Thuringia, a part of Hessia, Lower Saxony, and Westphalia.’

The general course of the Harz mountains is from east to west: from $2^{\circ} 50'$ east longitude from the Ferro isles, to $29^{\circ} 10'$; and from $51^{\circ} 35'$ north latitude to $51^{\circ} 57'$. They are principally in the kingdom of Hanover, and a source of considerable revenue to the state, if revenue it can be called, which is wholly expended in supporting those, who are employed in the mines. As these, however, are estimated with their families at near 100,000 souls, the proceeds of the mines, which support such a population, (the eleventh part of that of the whole kingdom of Hanover,) must be allowed to form no inconsiderable portion of the revenues of the state. We believe that the mines at Freyburg in Saxony do nothing more than support the population of the cities and villages in the mining districts, nor would they have continued to do that, but for the great economy in quicksilver, resulting from the application of the amalgamation process, which was introduced by Werner.

The lower Harz exceeds the upper by far in point of natural beauty and historical recollections. It contains prospects, landscapes, and natural curiosities of a highly interesting character. No part of northern Germany is so important in the history of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries, as the lower Harz ; and it is covered throughout with ruins from those periods. It was the residence of the German emperors from Henry I. to Henry IV. and their richest priories and bishoprics were founded, and their favourite castles erected here ; and here to this day are preserved their monuments. No traveller through North Germany willingly omits an excursion to this district ; and accounts of it are found in many of the books of travels. The very entertaining collection of letters of de la Luc, addressed to the late Queen of England, contains several on the subject of the Harz, written on occasion of two visits in that quarter. Nor is it only the travellers, the topographers, or men of science, who have described it, for we have seen a poem in seven cantos, written in hexameter verses, under the title of ‘the Harz,’ and devoted to the praises of this region.*

The second work at the head of the article contains an account of a rapid pedestrian excursion to the Harz, written in a hasty manner, apparently with no other object than the gratification of the friends of the travellers. As it has never been published, we shall devote the rest of this article to some copious extracts from it.

‘June 28, 1817, Saturday morning at 4 o’clock, we set out upon our expedition to the Harz. Though our first stage was posting, we were equipped as pedestrian travellers with thick shoes, old clothes and a scanty change of raiment in our knapsacks. We arrived at Nordheim, the first stage, at seven. Here we would fain have taken new horses to Herzberg, but the postmaster resolutely refused to give them to us, alleging that Herzberg was not a post station. Just as we were about to take up the march thither, we succeeded in bribing our Göttingen postboy to proceed with us, which he accordingly did, by the way of Catlenberg, where we crossed the little river Muhme to Herzberg. Just before entering this city the dusky woods, on the tops of the first circle of hills, seemed to announce the scenery, which was

* *Der Harz, ein Gedicht in sieben Gesängen* von E. C. H. Danneberg, 1781.

to attend us on our journey, while a commencing rain served as a token of the weather, which is apt to be the lot of the Harz traveller. We entered Herzberg at one. There is a castle here, at present the residence of the upper-bailiff of this district, of which the original foundation was laid in 1029, by a Count Werner of Lutterberg, who was devoted to the chace, and who called a hunting-house, which he built on the scite of the present castle, Hirschberg or hart's berg. After various vicissitudes it came into the possession of Hanover in 1636. The Flötz mountains begin here and stretch upward to the Harz.

* * * * *

‘ Here was to begin our pedestrian tour, though we were too degenerate to accomplish it in real style with our knapsacks on our backs. As we must have a guide to show us the way, we desired that he might be a stout one, who could carry our packs; and it was with no small dismay that I saw an elderly female brought forward by the landlord, for this purpose. She seemed, however, herself rejoiced at the opportunity of earning a little money, and our two knapsacks together were not near so heavy, as the burdens which the female peasantry in this part of the world are accustomed to carry on their backs in baskets. We accordingly set out and soon reached the Sieber vale, a most lovely spot, but with it began a drenching rain, which as we had neither umbrellas nor coats, soon penetrated what clothes we had on. We regretted extremely the loss of the beautiful scenery of this valley, which is the subject of many engravings. Ten miles was the extent of our walk, through this heavy and drenching rain, and so miserable and abject was the appearance of every thing in the taverns, at the two villages Sieber and Königshof where we stopped, that I was glad to quit them for the road again. Königshof is King's court; why a name like this should be given to so poor a spot cannot probably be resolved, without going back to the history of the times when the Harz was the favourite resort of emperors and princes. I proposed to our poor drenched guide to stop at one of these villages, that we might take another to Andreasberg, better able to support the fatigues of the way. But she rejected the offer, said that it was hard to earn money for the barest necessities of life, and that she was glad of this chance. Sad as the weather was, it afforded at short intervals a beautiful appearance, that of broken masses of vapour, not sufficiently condensed to drop in rain, travelling along the sides of the mountains and casting a cloudy mantle around their breasts. Just before crossing the valley, beyond which Andreasberg rises, we were on a high mountain, from which we could command a view of seven or eight neighbouring hills, each clothed

in a different way with this misty robe. From one it shot up from the peak like smoke from a volcano about to burst; from another it rolled darkly down the side like a stream of lava. Here it was carried by the winds and dashed upon the mountain side, like foaming waves upon a shore. The view was both beautiful and sublime. I would have given any thing to have heard thunder and seen flashing lightning from beneath the thick clouds, which rested on the summits, for nothing but this was wanting to fill up the image of the mountains of old, whose tops were covered with clouds, and which were the abode of the gods. As the rain grew more and more severe, we instructed our guide to what tavern she must follow us, and determined to make what speed we could ourselves. We accordingly doubled our pace in what remained of the way. We entered Andreasberg with the drove of cattle returning to the city, whose bells were all in accord. There appeared to be three distinct notes. Every thing now bore the appearance of neighbouring mines. Furnaces were to be seen on the way. Dross was piled up on the sides of the streets, and every thing looked black and metallick. We reached at last the Rath's house, the council house, and were glad enough of shelter, though shelter and a fire were at first all we could get. A chamber to ourselves we could not have, and as our guide did not arrive till an hour afterwards, we had to set for that time in clothes in which there was not a dry thread. Our first care was to engage a guide for the Brocken the next day. He is so notorious for this expedition, that Brocken serves him as a Christian name, and we inquired for Brocken Meyer. It was another ill omen that this man, who has carried every traveller from Andreasberg the last fifteen years up the mountain, should be taken sick two days before we came, and be unable to go with us. But instead of the fathers rise up every where the sons, and having engaged young Brocken to carry us round the mines in the morning, and up the mountains in the afternoon, we retired. I cannot help mentioning that our poor guide for carrying ten miles on her back all our baggage through this heavy rain demanded half a thaler, about $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents.'

The following is an account of Andreasberg and the mines which it contains:

'Andreasberg is one of the seven free mining or mountain cities, *Bergstädte*, as they are called, and enjoys as such exemption from the payment of all taxes. The first mine here discovered was in 1520, and as it was found to consist of two veins crossing each other, it was called by the miners, as is usual in that

case, St. Andrew's Cross, Andreas Creuz. As these veins were found productive, miners were attracted from various places to assist in working them; privileges were granted to such as thus came, by the proprietor of the territory, Count of Hohenstein, and the foundation of a city was soon laid, which, from the name of the principal mine, was called St. Andreasberg. There are at present at Andreasberg in operation thirteen mines. They are sunk into eight veins, which are found in two rows as follows:

Internal row, northwest from the city.

The Newfound vein	-	Catharine Newfound mine.	
		Catharine Newfound	—
The Samson vein	- -	Grace of God	—
		Samson	—
		Evening Twilight	—
The Grace of God's vein		Grace of God	—
The Miner's Comfort vein		Miner's Comfort	—

External row, east from the city.

St. Andrew's cross vein		Andrews Cross	—
If-it-Prosper vein	- - -	If-it-Prosper	—
Rich Comfort vein	- -	King's Welfare	—
		James' Luck	—
James' Luck vein	- -	Nicholas Frederick	—
		God's Blessing	—

The principal product of these mines is silver and lead. Of silver, is produced annually 4000lb. 1400 cwt. of lead weekly, and 80 cwt. annually of copper. We found the younger miners in great distress, as tomorrow a reduction of 68 was to take place, being the Andreasberg quota of a reduction of a thousand in the several mountain cities. This is stated in the newspapers to be the first step toward a gradual and total reduction and desertion of the mines, which have never been extremely profitable, and now do not pay the expenses of working them. The comparative poverty of the silver ore, the depth to which the mines are driven, the quantity of machinery necessary to pump the water up to the first drains, and the immense amount of wood which is requisite to build up the sides of the passages, unite in producing this state of things. Moreover, at the present moment the influx of English lead has sunk the price of the Harz lead from eight thalers to three and a half, and in fact destroyed the demand for it, as the English lead is better. We found a great depression and anxiety at Andreasberg in consequence of the reduction. The mines are the only subsistence of the people, as this climate does not admit agriculture, and they have no facilities for any manufactures, except those connected with mining. At present all the

male population from the age of ten years up, is employed in the various parts of the establishment. Boys at ten years of age go into the poeh-works where the ore is pounded up, the stony parts washed off, and the rest prepared for the furnace. They earn here, the youngest 11 marien-groats, or about 25 cents a week; and their wages increase about two cents or a groat a year, till they are able to work, at the age of 18 or 19 in the mines, or at the furnaces. They work twelve hours a day and begin at four o'clock in the morning all the year round. Before going to work they sing a psalm and pray. This is also done by the miners. The wages of the miners are from one to two rix dollars, or from 75 cents to 1,50 a week. And they are furnished with a bushel of rye monthly if unmarried, and two bushels monthly if married, from the magazines at two thirds of a thaler, or 50 cents, let the market price be what it will. At present the market price is three times this amount.

There are three considerable parts of the operation of mining and working the ores, viz: procuring the ore from the mines: reducing it to a state, in which the furnaces can melt it: melting and purifying it into metal. Each of these three processes varies with the nature of the ore, and the mine from which it is taken. What may be observed, however, in general is the following.

A mine commonly consists of the shaft and the veins. The shaft is naturally made perpendicular, as far as the course of the veins will admit: the veins must be followed whithersoever they run. But the miners have principles of piercing them to advantage, which cannot here be explained. The shaft is intended for the entrance and return of the labourers, and for receiving up the ore and sending down the wood, &c. used in the internal works. There are therefore two divisions of the descent separated from each other, by a partition of timber, both for the sake of strengthening the walls of the descent; and of preventing accidents to those ascending or descending by the breaking of the chains, to which the buckets containing the ore are attached. The ladders are from fifteen to twenty feet long; at the end of each is a platform, where one may rest, or stop for those going in the opposite direction to pass, and from this platform descends a second ladder, and thus down to the veins. The passages below in the mines are either cut out in solid rock, so firm as to require no other support, or are arched up with stones, or finally built up on the top and sides with wood. Many of the latter are narrow and low. I was surprised to find how little iron was used, especially as ribs of this metal would spare so great an expense of wood. The shaft is also used to give passage to the long pistons of the pumps, by which the mines are drained. The other part of the

shaft by which the ore is received up is of course larger, and a large water-wheel with two buckets, one ascending while the other descends, is the apparatus for raising the ore. The water of the mines occasions little trouble, so long as the depth dug down is not greater than the valley at the foot of the mountain in which the mine is, as in that case it can be taken off by drains. Below this, it must be pumped up. So important a thing is one of these drains or *stollens*, that any mine which has the privilege of turning its water into the stollen of another, must pay a ninth part of its proceeds for the privilege. The ore is for the most part loosened by drilling and blowing with gunpowder.

‘The ore when brought up must be pounded small. The larger pieces are first put under larger hammers, and thence it is successively transported to hammers, that pound it more finely, all moved by water, till it is reduced to a fine even dust of a dark metallic appearance. This is a complicated process; and as a quantity of powder sufficiently fine is delivered at each successive set of hammers, while the rest passes on to be pounded again, each of these kinds being of different richness is kept separate, and has a separate name: while the mass exposed to the fire in the furnace is composed of given proportions of each. These *poch-works* are attended by boys.

‘The ore, being reduced in this way to a fusible state, is carried to the furnaces. There large beds are formed on the floor, of alternate layers of this pounded ore, of former dross to assist the fusion, of the broken up hearths of former furnaces, into which some metal has sunk, which must not be wasted, and of granulated iron in case the ore contains arsenick. The first fusion separates the lead and silver from the copper. A second furnace separates the lead and silver from each other, and farther processes are employed to divide the copper.’

The following is an account of the path from Andreasberg to the Brocken, or summit of the Harz mountains.

‘In the P. M. we departed for the Brocken with the son of Meyer to show us the way, and his sister, a girl of seventeen, to carry our baggage in a basket, on her back! The road the first half of the way is beautiful, and passes by the Rehberger Graben, a small canal of water, formed to supply the St. Andreasberg mines. It is five English miles long, and about a foot deep and three or four wide. It takes its waters from the Oder Pond. It was begun to be built in 1692 and finished in 1703, at an expense of about 16,000 dollars. The road, a foot and horse path, passes by its side, and is in its whole extent the most beautiful passage

on the Harz. On the one hand is the Rehberg, swelling often into bare and precipitous granite cliffs, and on the other the deep valley of the Oder, covered on both sides with an impenetrable forest of pines; through which one catches now and then a glimpse of the shining waters, and hears constantly their dashing from rock to rock. We had a fine fair day, and were protected from the sun by the pines that overhang the path. It seemed, compared with yesterday, another season and another climate, and we could not but exclaim upon the wonderful effect produced upon the earth and its inhabitants, by a few heavy vapours flying around it. How they change summer into winter, light into darkness, and gayety into gloom. But it is the earth, not the sun, which is surrounded with clouds, and could one have a point from which to survey the earth just without the atmosphere, and behold the never failing eternal blaze pouring upon the chaos of clouds, and storms, and vapours around the earth, lighting up a thousand rainbows, painting the dark clouds with bright colours, glancing and beaming on the waves of that stormy sea of mist, which spreads above us, and sometimes pouring through its openings, down upon the earth, methinks it would be a most glorious spectacle. This aquaduct leads to the Oder Pond, a reservoir of water, the largest on the Harz, which was formed by building across a valley a wall of granite rocks, filled up with moss and sand, and secured by iron bolts. It is of various depth, but sufficient to secure a supply of water for Andreasberg in the driest times. It was built in three years, from 1719 to 1722, and cost 8000 dollars. The area of the pond thus formed is seventy-five acres, Brunswick measure.'

The following is a description of the Brocken, to which Mr. Dusterswivel in the Antiquary bears respectful testimony, and where a most remarkable scene in Göthe's *Faust* is laid.

'The Brocken, the highest point of the Harz mountains and of North Germany, of which there are as many etymologies as writers, is of itself no very lofty mountain. The elevation above the sea is 3480 Paris feet, so that it is but a mole hill compared with the Andes. It is of primitive granite, has no trees, is surrounded by morasses which are formed by the want of passage into the earth of the rain, and produces one or two alpine plants, not found on the other German mountains, particularly *Anemone Alpina*. The name of Brocken is supposed to come from *Bructeri*, the name of an ancient German people, who however are placed by Tacitus nearer the Rhine. According to the universal tradition in Germany, the witches assemble, Walpurgis Night or the first of May,

to pay their compliments to his infernal majesty, and dance off the snow. There is accordingly a large flat granite rock, which is called the Witches' Altar, and a sort of pile of rocks, which passes for the devil's pulpit, it being supposed in most modern superstitions somewhat perversely that this personage has a great taste for preaching. In fact it must be owned that the ancients had a more cheerful mythology than we. Wherever we meet some bold natural bridge, some deep cavern, a line of abrupt lofty rocks, a deep silent spring, we think of nothing but the devil, give it his name, and are sure he either made it or abides in it. While of old, some mischievous wood god or laughing satyr was the farthest to which invention went, and it was most commonly nymphs and fauns, dryades and naiads, that dwelt in the groves, and at the springs of the fountains.

'The Brocken is in latter years much better adapted for the accommodation of travellers than formerly, inasmuch as the Count of Wernigerode caused to be built in 1800 the Brocken house, a large stone building 130 feet long and thirty wide, with walls five feet thick of stone. It is but one story high, though it has a tower of considerable elevation. The landlord here is placed in the house by the count, and receives a salary from him. The entertainment is commonly good and the price high. We were of course obliged to have fire in our rooms. In fact, the inhabitants of the Harz have a fire in their stoves all the year round, and consider it as the great boast of their climate, that it is uniform. Their wet clothes must be dried in coming from the mines, and if it is too warm they open the window. The great object upon this mountain is to see the sun rise and set. It will easily be thought that the imagination does the most for the wonders of this spectacle. To persons used to living in cities and rising two hours after sunrise in winter, and six in summer, it is no doubt striking enough to see the transition of night into day. And even to those who are used to seeing it rise over the roofs of houses, or its rays breaking through the trees of a neighbouring garden, it is worth while to see it come up above a freer horizon. But to one who has seen it arise and set at sea, there is little glory on the Brocken. We had a thick misty evening, and the sun went down like a round mass of dull red iron, much as one may see it any thick sultry summer's eve.

'June 30. We were obliged to yield to the importunities of our servant and jump up, sore and fatigued with yesterday's travels, at 3 o'clock this morning to see the sun behind a cloud. The top of the mountain was covered with the various parties that had passed the night there, and who were so much mortified at the want of a fair sun rising, that I think a little eloquence would

have persuaded them their senses deceived them, that the sun was really fair and bright, and the clouds nothing but the dimness occasioned in their eyes by gazing at it. After we had gotten our coffee, and our bouquet of flowers which is given to every traveller as the *quid* to which he must furnish a trifling *pro quo*, and which ought to consist of *anemone alpina* or witches' flowers, we took up the march for the day.'

It would appear from the beginning of the following extract, that the variety of tongues spoken on the Harz mountains is as great as that of the productions of the mineral kingdom.

'Our route ought to have led us over the villages of Schirke and Elend to the Schnarcher Fels, which consists of two rocks, like the opposite sides of a broken arch, of polarick granite. But our guide, who confessed himself a poacher, first made a bargain for the price, and then taking advantage of his dialect, a brogue of the Wendish, extracted from us an unintentional consent to go the shortest way, by which we arrived at Elbingerode without having seen the Schnarcher. This Wendish or rather Frankish, is one of the three dialects which are spoken on the Harz, viz : the Low German of Lower Saxony, the corrupt High German of Upper Saxony and the Frankish or reliques of the pure old German, brought from the Fichtelberg by the miners, who were called thence to work the Harz mines in the earlier periods of their history. Our guide spoke a mixture of all three, and no one who had not made a study of the tower of Babel could think of comprehending him. Thus we were brought to Elbingerode, which is remarkable for some iron mines in its vicinity, but we did not visit them. After dinner we pursued our journey to Blankenburg by the way of Rübeland, a small village on the Bode. Rübeland is supposed to be the low pronunciation of Räuberland, and to descend from the times when this was the habitation of robbers ; nay, in some small caverns in the Calc, as we passed along we were told that a generation of dwarfs formerly dwelt. One of the most learned writers on the Harz informs us that the inhabitants of Elbingerode, by occasion of a wedding or other festivity, used to make application to these dwarfs, who loaned them dishes, plates, and spoons, and whatever was necessary for the merrymaking, without any reward but a few of the fragments of the feast, which were brought back in the vessels. We regretted not being able to stay long enough in the neighbourhood to verify the fact. Rübeland, since the glories of its dwarfs and robbers is gone, is principally famous for the Baumann's and Biel's cave, two caverns found in the two mountains on the res-

pective sides of the Bude. Baumann's cavern was discovered in 1670, and is pretty famous in works upon the subject of caves, &c. But the discovery of this cave must probably be placed higher for the good reason, that it is mentioned in the Transactions of the Royal Society in 1668, p. 647. It consists of six sub-caverns that altogether extend to a length of 758 Brunswick feet. Biel's Cavern was first discovered in 1787, upon occasion of a fire in the forest upon Biel's Mount, on which it stands. This Biel was a god of the ancient Saxons, and his image was here destroyed by St. Boniface in the 8th century. The hole consists of twelve apartments, and descends to a great depth. The entrance is narrow, and to one who for the first time thus goes into the earth, terrific; and one cannot but feel a little fear lest the great walls of marble beneath should fall together and crush him. The stalactites assume in some places appearances fantastic enough, but the impertinent loquacity of the guide in expounding them had nearly ruined the pleasure I had in the expedition.'

The little artifice alluded to, at the close of the following passage, is applied also with very pleasing effect, in the windows of a summer house on the banks of Winandermere lake in Cumberland.

'The city of Blankenberg belongs to Brunswick, and it is here that Louis XVIII. passed a year or two in the earlier period of his emigration. The principal object of curiosity is the castle. The present edifice, which is beautifully situated on the hill that commands the city, stands on the spot where a castle was erected in the earliest ages. The original castle was after a time removed and another built, of which a part is yet standing, pretending to be of the tenth century. Frederick Barbarossa destroyed it as siding with Henry the Lion, Duke of Brunswick, and this fortune was repeated in 1386. Ulrich V. repaired however, in the sixteenth century, the new castle, which was destroyed by a fire in 1546, in which the princess perished. It was restored in 1590, and has been a residence till later times. Much fine furniture was taken away by the French; but the pictures, among which are one or two small ones of Lucas Cranach, remain. There are pictures of two of the emperors in the principal hall, who married in this castle princesses of Blankenberg. We had a lovely view from the castle windows of the surrounding country, and particularly a curious effect was produced by two panes of bright yellow glass, which were placed in one of the windows, and gave the broad and beautiful landscape a fiery, terrific air.'

We quote the following passage, as a specimen of the popular superstitions, which prevail in these mountains.

‘*July 1.* We proposed to day a visit to the Rostrappe, one of the wildest scenes of the Harz. Leaving our packs at Blankenberg, and taking nothing but our great coats, we started at six in the morning. There is a remarkable phenomenon of nature in the neighbourhood of the city, called the Devil’s Wall: and resembling the ruins of an ancient lofty wall of stone. It is properly a small chain of hills, breaking at the summit into precipitous rocks, piled abruptly upon each other, and continuing, with occasional greater or less interruptions, its course into Bohemia. If one were to attempt a conjecture at its formation, it might be supposed to have had its origin in the meeting of two tides of seas, flowing in from opposite quarters, which, resisted by each other, had heaped up the sand, gravel, and rocks, which they had washed along with them. It is a hard, firm sandstone. The common people consider it the work of the devil, built either as a boundary between his own dominions and those of heaven, or else set up as a barrier against the progress of christianity. Passing by this wall, we proceeded on our way to the Rostrappe, the latter part of which carried us up a steep hill and through a thick wood, till we finally reached this wild and grand spot. It is a deep headlong valley, formed in the course of ages by the river Bode, which winds along at its bottom. But as the mountain, through which it has worn its way, was of hard granite, the sides of the valley, which is steep and narrow, instead of being even, are broken with numberless bare ragged cliffs, which rise up in a conical form upon it. The depth of this chasm is from five to eight hundred feet, and the Bode at the bottom, as it breaks over the rocks, looks like a winding silver thread. One can conceive nothing wilder and more terrific, than the aspect of these sharp and ragged cliffs on a nearer approach. In one part you pass from the mainside, upon a bridge or wall of rock, about six feet thick, out upon one of these precipitous summits, from whence you have a view of the yawning chasm in all its terrors. Just before you, as you stand on this spot, is a little cross of white wood, with a piece of linen waving on it, set up on the point of a rock ten feet in advance of that on which you stand, from which a young nobleman seven years ago, who ventured too far, fell and was dashed in pieces. The name, Rostrappe, or *Horse’s Spring*, has its origin from an indenture a foot wide and some inches deep, upon the wall I mentioned, in the shape of the horse’s hoof. Traditions differ a little as to the circumstance of its origin. A princess, some say a Bohemian, others an Hercynian, being pursued to the

brink of the opposite precipice, and having no other way of escape, spurred her gallant steed from side to side, and happily crossing, with one leap, the deep and dangerous valley rested on the cliff, where the print of the horse's foot is to be seen. Others say she was escaping from the cruelty of her father, who opposed her love. She fled from his house, and took the liberty of taking his crown, thick set with precious jewels, with her. She attempted to conceal herself in the solitude of these rocks, and on the solid granite of the opposite cliff may be seen to this day the print of the nails from her chariot wheels. But she was discovered and pursued hither, nor was there any means to escape her foes, but to leap the terrible abyss. To disguise her intention, she danced upon the rock before making the essay, which is called even now the dancing plat. Having sufficiently deceived her pursuers by this show of cheerfulness, and thrown herself on her steed, as if to accompany them, she made the gallant leap and escaped. Her father's crown unhappily fell from her hand and dropped in the river below. Other traditions will have it, that a daughter of a king of the Huns made a wager that she would spring thrice on her horse across this abyss. She did it successfully twice, *δὲς μὲν ὀρέξαντ' ἴαν*, but the third time fell back with her steed into the river below, where she is living to this day. A diver once for a rich reward pulled her so nearly out that her crown could be seen. He was persuaded to repeat this, and attempted it upon promise of a large reward a third time. He warned his employers before hand, that if they saw blood spout from the water, they might conclude he was dead, and killed by the princess. With this comfortable proviso he descended, the blood spouted up, and never again has attempt been made to pull out the daughter of the king of the Huns.

The following is a description of Quedlinberg, one of the most famous of the Hercynian cities, and during the French Revolution one of the places of refuge of Louis XVIII.

'The noon was past as we arrived, tired and dusty, at Quedlinburg. This city was said in 1806 to contain 11,000 inhabitants. It was for nearly a thousand years a free abbey, but was secularized by the French, and kept secular by their patriotic followers, the Prussians, who are as fond of good cities as the monkey was of roasted chestnuts, and make the same use of French usurpation to get at them, as he did of the cat's paw. This city was once of importance, and the Emperors Henry I. Otto I. and III. and Henry V. lived here a great part of their reigns. In the times of the contests with Frederick I. and Henry the Lion, it suffered

very much as an imperial city. The Emperors above named never failed of celebrating Easter here, and when Otto I. returned from Italy, he received in this city the ambassadors of the Hungarians, Poles, Wends, Danes, Bohemians, Greeks, and others, on the day of the Easter festival. There were several ecclesiastical and imperial conventions here, and in 1583 a great synod was held at Quedlinburg, de formula concordie atque ubiquitate Christi. Henry I. surnamed the Fowler, was fond of Quedlinburg, on account of the excellent opportunities it afforded for this noble sport, and not only is a place in the neighborhood called to this day Finken heerd, [finches' hearth,] but in all the cities I ever visited, no where have I seen such an abundance of bird cages, as were hung out of the Quedlinburg windows. Henry lies buried in the castle. A few years ago a Prussian Princess was permitted by the abbess to open his grave, and nothing, but a joint of the little finger, was found remaining of this finch-destroyer.

‘The rich furniture of the castle was sold at auction by the French, and altogether brought but 4000 rix-dollars. The abbess, the sister of Gustavus III. of Sweden, is now living at Stockholm, and receives annually from the Prussian government 27,000 thalers. The former revenues which she enjoyed were estimated at 50,000, and the 23,000 thus abated her are supposed to be a fair allowance for what her court must have cost her, and which she has now no occasion to support. Since the foundation of the abbey there have been forty one abbesses, all with the rank of princesses of the empire. Among them was Maria Aurora, Countess of Königsmark, and mistress of Augustus I. king of Poland and elector of Saxony. This lady was of a noble Swedish family, and came with her two married sisters, the countesses of Löwenhaupt and Steinbock, to Germany, to recover from some merchants in Hamburg the property of their brother, who had disappeared at Hanover, and was supposed to have been assassinated by order of the Elector, afterwards George I. of England. The merchants at Hamburg, finding the sisters without sufficient formal credentials, attempted to defraud them out of their brother's estate. In this embarrassment they applied to Frederick Augustus, whom Count Königsmark had accompanied on part of his travels. He espoused the cause, for which they had come to Germany, and Aurora became his mistress. After the birth of their son, Marshal Saxe, her health was never re-established, and she was made Abbess at Quedlinburg, at the Elector's instance. Here she reposed undisturbed, till Gustavus III. the brother of the present Abbess, on his tour in Germany, being at Quedlinburg, had the curiosity to examine the coffin of his celebrated country-woman.

She lies buried in the vault of the church, with several other abbesses. Her body is shown to strangers, and is in perfect preservation. All the muscular parts appear to have been exsiccated, and nothing but the change of colour of the skin betrays the hand of death. The colour is now a dull olive, and as she was the fairest woman of her time while living, so, though near a hundred years dead, there is nothing of the ghastliness of death in her countenance. I tried hard to persuade the attendants to open some of the other coffins, but they said it was not allowed. It is probable, that, as in the so named lead cellar at Bremen, all the bodies are by the operation of some unknown quality in the spot preserved in this way. In the adjoining vault we saw two bodies, which had been deposited fifty eight years; the one of a child which had died of a very active disease, the natural small-pox, and it was entirely preserved.

However difficult it may be to give an account of the facts mentioned at the close of this extract, they are not without parallel. Besides the case of the cellar at Bremen, there are other spots, possessed of the same property of preserving dead bodies. Wheler, in his Grecian voyage, mentions having found four or five hundred bodies so preserved at Toulouse in France, and single instances at Bologna in Italy, and at Zara in Dalmatia.

The following extract contains another specimen of the popular superstitions prevalent at the Harz.

‘ After dinner we continued our walk to Ilsenberg, the end of this day’s march. Ilsenberg has a castle which was occupied by a branch of the family of this name, till the beginning of the last century. There is a good tavern here, “the Red Trout,” which, like that on the Brocken, is administered in the name of the count of Wernigerode. Having engaged our lodgings here, and notwithstanding we had walked 20 miles, and explored two castles this day, we set out to visit the Ilsestein. This is a granite rock, which rises perpendicularly from the valley of the Ilse 230 feet. Opposite to it, on the other side of the Ilse, is another, less precipitous cliff, and in fact they both seem to owe their present disrupted form to the bursting of the Ilse through the mountain, of which they were a part, and its having gradually worn its way down to its present depth. The ascent of the Ilsestein is long and weary; but the beautiful prospect from it repays the trouble. On the very summit is a large iron cross, erected by the Count of Wernigerode to the memory of the Prince of Hesse Homburg and others, who fell in the campaign of 1813. The rock is polaric

granite, and in many places reversed the poles of the magnet we had with us. It is related that this valley, city, and rock derive the name of Ilse from a fair princess of this name, who once abode in the vale. Her enchanted castle stood upon the Ilsenstein; yea, though it has vanished to vulgar eyes, it stands there still. Every morning, before the sun is up, this rich fair princess bathes herself in the stream, that comes down through the vale from the mountains; and he, who is so fortunate as to meet her there, is carried to her enchanted castle on the Ilse rock, and presented with all costly things. The vale is so beautiful, I could easily believe this tradition, which has the conspiring authority of centuries to support it.'

Under the head of the village of Oker, is contained an account of the copper-works there established, from which we extract the following passage:

'Our next stage was the Oker, a small village, or rather series of manufactories and forges, on the Oker. It is hither that the Rammelsberg ores are brought to be smelted, and here is a brass factory and a vitriol distillery. The ores are sulphuric, and require a process different from that described above. It consists in roasting them, which is thus effected:—a large layer or platform of pine wood, about nine feet square, is spread on the ground; upon this, the larger pieces of ore are laid, on these smaller, and the finest at the top, the whole making a pyramidal heap, about six feet high. In the hole on the top, fire is dropped, and the wood at the bottom kindles and consumes. After this the sulphur of the ore ignites, evaporates, and condenses in a liquid form on the top of the heap in small cavities, made to receive it. In this way 20 cwt. of brimstone are collected from one heap, while roasting, which lasts six months. When this period has expired, it is shovelled down, exposed to the air, and another roasting, precisely similar to the first, except that it lasts but nine weeks, ensues; and after this a third of six or seven. These three roastings are solely to expel the sulphur, and they reduce the ore more or less to powder; and in this state it goes to the furnace. They happened to be in blast while we were there, and the broad sheet of bright green fire, which raged round the melting copper, was fine and terrible. The gold is also separated here, but its amount is very trifling, not being more than three grains in a hundred weight of ore.'

The description of Goslar contains some curious details. We make the following long extract:

'Pursuing our way to Goslar, we arrived there at 1 o'clock. After dinner, we addressed ourselves to view the wonders of this

ancient city. It was founded in the eleventh century, is one of the oldest free imperial cities, and a favourite residence of the German emperors. The discovery of the Rammelsberg mines was the immediate source of its growth. From the time of Henry III. the German emperors were much at Goslar, and endowed it with many privileges. It remained independent till the sixteenth century, and at liberty to choose its own protector. At this period, however, it was compelled to accept the protection of Brunswick, and to pay 500 thalers a year for it. In 1578 a plague raged in the city, in 1597 still more violently, as also in 1625. In the thirty years' war it was besieged and plundered, and at subsequent periods has been wasted by fires, till the glory is nearly departed from Goslar. It has still however no bad appearance at a distance, and as the roofs are covered with slate, it looks neater by far than most of the German cities, which are roofed with light red tiles. Many of its wonders and antiquities have disappeared in the last years, which have been a terrible time for castellans, guides, door-keepers, and antiquity-mongers; and to every third question one puts in Holland or Germany, the answer is "the French took it." We first went to the Cathedral church, in the hope of finding many wonders, described in our *Vade Mecum*, but it was in ruins; little but the walls and roof were left. The French took away the altar of Crodo, so called; and the directors of the St. Stephen's church, who appear to have envied the superior wonder-assortment of their brethren, and who, having represented to the French that the cathedral was so ruinous, as that one could not set foot in it with safety, procured an order to sell off its mirabilia. There remain, however, the tomb and monument of the fair Matilda, daughter of Henry III, and foundress of the abbey Quedlinburg. Her dog Quedl is represented couchant at her feet, and it is in honour of him that the abbey is named. We saw a psalter of Schœffer's printing; and one or two diplomas of privileges granted to the cathedral by the emperors. Their title occupied two large written pages; one, alas, is "enlarger at all times of the empire," of which, every day since the reformation they have lost something. In the centre of the church is a round stone, whereon the Bishop of Hildesheim stood in the eleventh century, and encouraged his armed guards, in a conflict before the very altar, and in presence of the Emperor, with the attendants of the Abbot of Fulda, for the precedence, till the pavement of the cathedral ran free with blood. From the cathedral we went to St. Stephen's church, built about a hundred years ago, and containing nothing of interest, but the pillaged glories of the cathedral. The most considerable curiosity is the altar of Crodo, so called, though it unluckily appears that this

same Crodo is a very apocryphal character, unable to produce any better credentials in his favour, than a chronicle of the fifteenth century. From this it may be allowed to follow that this is no altar of Crodo; but it seems to be a *non sequitur*, to infer, as the gentlemen antiquaries do, that it is no altar at all. The tradition of its having been brought from Harzburg is allowed to be unanimous, and it is equally admitted that this was a seat of Saxon idolatry. Now, why may not this have been an altar there of the god Biel or the goddess Ostera, or any other divinity in the Pantheon of our Saxon ancestors? It is said it is rather an imperial piece of furniture from the Harzburg castle. But why furniture? It looks like nothing that ever went under the name before. It is a square brass case, 3 feet long, as many high, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ thick, and rests upon four figures kneeling with one foot, in strange attire, and long beards. Now it is plain that such thing could neither be a bed by night, nor a chest of drawers by day, and why it must be a piece of furniture, and why not an altar, no reason is offered but the doubtful character of Crodo,—which would be like arguing that the ruins of the temple of Minerva at Athens were not ruins of a temple, but of a private house, because the modern Greeks ascribed it to “the unknown God.”—Be this as it will, it is granted by all to be a fragment of venerable antiquity, and they are willing to allow that it has descended from the times of St. Baward, the first famous German founder in brass. Some travellers and antiquaries are inclined to consider it as a work of Grecian art; in which case it must be at least 5000 years old, for no Greek artist, I am sure, since the days of Theodore of Samus, who first taught founding in brass, could have made so rude a thing. It was thought worthy of being carried to Paris to swell the catalogue of stolen wonders there, and was brought back by the Prussians, who, with a noble regard to justice, refused it to the cathedral, where it had stood for centuries, and bestowed it on the St. Stephen’s church, which had as little claim to it, as the Louvre, from which it was just brought back. Over the chapel in which it stands is shed a red and yellow light, through a noble painted glass window—also taken out of the poor cathedral—representing the emperors Konrad I. Henry III. and Frederick II. the reputed founders and benefactors of the church. As the latter falls in the fourteenth century, the clerk of the church, by a pretty remarkable figure in logic, argued that the window must be at least as old as that period; and when I, pursuing his argument, rejoined *aye*, perhaps 300 years older, for that is the period of Konrad I. “quite right,” rejoined he, pleased with the suggestion, which he will doubtless henceforth treasure up for the future traveller.

‘From this church we went to the Zwinger, a tower without

the wall. The walls are 22 feet thick, and, as it is now turned into a house of entertainment, several apartments are hewn out of the solid wall. From the top is a beautiful prospect; nothing but an intervening forest prevents you from seeing Wolfenbüttel.

‘In the market is a fountain, whose waters are caught in an immense brazen basin, at least 16 feet in diameter. It is said that it used to be struck with hammers in case of fire, that the miners under ground in the Rammelsberg might hear it and come. It is reported to have been brought by the Devil, in one night, from Nordhausen, a distance of about 30 English miles. My guide was very firm in the faith, but was able to adduce no better argument, than that it was so related in a written writing.

‘It is often, I do not know but commonly, said that it was at Goslar, that gunpowder was invented by Schwarz, the monk; and that its first application was, in the Rammelsberg mine. This, however, is entirely groundless. Gunpowder was not applied to the uses of the Harz mines, till in the fifteenth century, two hundred years after the battle of Cressy.’

To this succeeds a description of the descent into the copper mines at Goslar, of which we extract a portion.

‘*July 4.* We celebrated the independence of our native land by descending the mines at Rammelsberg. It was remarkable enough, that we found on a pane of glass in one of the windows of our room written, “Vivat Washington, bread and liberty,” such a one from “Baltimore, 1791.” It was a German name and a German thought: an American does not think of boasting of bread and liberty, and never knows, till he goes abroad, what a blessing he possesses in them; as no one knows how fresh water tastes, who has not had a fever six months, and drank every thing out of phials. We reached the Rammelsberg, which lies near two miles from the city at seven o’clock, and found no preparation made for our descent, and this cost us some delay. But one had as good complain of going fast before a gale at sea, as of delay in Germany. I heard a very intelligent and amiable man thank God, that the driving times of the French, when every thing moved as on wheels and wings, were past.

‘The mine at Rammelsberg is said in the popular tradition to have been discovered A. D. 968; but to the details of this tradition little credit is now given. It sets forth, that Ramm was a groom of the Emperor Otto I. and that having tied his horse on the side of a mountain, the horse with his hoof opened a nobler fountain, than that of Hippocrene of old, viz. a bed of silver and lead, of gold and copper. Now, as the mine was named for Ramm, so the city is said to have been named for his wife Gosa; and an old

stone, pretending to be a monument erected to them by Otto, was for some time exhibited. The ores now procured from this mine are sulphuric, as was mentioned under the head of the Oker. I think the descent of a mine must form "an era in any man's feelings," as Mr. Ogilvie says his oration did in Charles Brown's. I regretted that some accidental circumstances prevented our descent into the Rammelsberg from having its full effect on my imagination. The descent into the Biel's hole, a dark, gloomy, horrible cavern, made a sort of preparation, and took off the wire edge of the feelings, which would have been excited by the first entrance into a mine. Then, as we were to make a considerable journey on foot, we did not think it prudent to fatigue ourselves by descending too far. The entrance into this mine, being on the side of a mountain, you march upright into a long, dark, dreary passage, partly cut through rock, firm enough to sustain the superincumbent weight, partly supported by timbers at the sides and across the tops, and partly well arched round with the fragments of stone, broken out in digging it. This passage is just high enough to walk without stooping, and four feet wide. It is floored in the middle with plank, and the sound of the little cars or wheels by which the ore is drawn out, rolling and echoing at a distance like an earthquake in the mountains, was grand and solemn. As the car approached, the lamp of the miners twinkled more and more brightly, and I felt a shudder at their salutation in passing, "Glück auf," well up. This was repeated to us by every miner we passed, and often on passing unobserved the mouth of some cross passage, a hollow voice would issue from it with his ominous salutation, and make a man tremble. After proceeding about twenty five fathoms in this direction, we reached a perpendicular descent with a windlass working, by which ore was brought up, and men like demons gathered round to receive it and carry it off. The Egyptian darkness of the hole, into which the tubs of the windlass descended, the feeble light of the spot where we stood, the struggle and tension of the chords by which the loaded buckets come up, the solitude and remoteness of the scene in the bowels of the earth, where, if the mass above us fell, no human eye would rest again on our remains, united to produce impressions sublime and powerful. We waited a moment, and descended five ladders deep, and followed the passages through New Vein. Above us and around us were long green icicles of the sulphate of copper, and the air was filled with mineral vapours. These are said not to be unhealthy, existing probably in a state of great solution. The grandest sight in the mines to me was the water-wheels turned by the water of the mines, and applied to drawing up the ore, and pumping the lower

part of the works. Nothing is finer than the approach to such a great subterraneous wheel. It is first heard. The water, vexed and dashed upon it, roars down into its inferior channel, wearied, as it were, with being broken on this monstrous wheel; and this noise is heard and echoed all along the passages to such a degree, that one thinks, as he comes nearer, that he is approaching a great cataract, into which another step will plunge him. But one not only hears the wheel, one feels it; a strong chilly undulation is communicated to the air of these subterraneous caverns by the revolution of its broad and heavy wings. And when one approaches near enough to see it by the dim light of the lamp, the heavy sway of this great machine, the power with which it moves, and which it propagates, the gloom in which it is wrapt, which prevents one from seeing distinctly how it is hung, so that it seems rather some magical structure, which one dreads approaching; all this works powerfully on the imagination. There is one other spectacle, particularly in these mines, which we were not fortunate enough to see. As the ore is very compact and hard, it is impossible to break it off without some mechanical means of great efficacy. The ordinary process of drilling and blowing is too tedious and expensive for the worth of the ore. They accordingly apply fire. A large heap of pine wood is piled up under the roof of the excavation, which they wish farther to loosen, and this is set on fire. One can imagine the terror and grandeur which must exist in the aspect of a raging fire, in one of these subterraneous caves, filled with sulphuric and pitchy vapours, and producing an intolerable suffocating heat. We got the miners, who are here obliged to work stark naked, to kindle a torch or two and wave about in the darkness; this, however, afforded but a faint image of the real fire setting, as it is called.

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‘At about 12 we arrived at Clausthal, and after dinner descended one hundred fathoms into the Carolina mine; it is 288 deep, but there were repairs below, which prevented our descending; thus fate seemed to oppose our fulfilling the wish of going to the bottom of the thing. Our guides, who were not regularly posted in that part of the mine, lost their way once, a very comfortable circumstance, a quarter of a mile under ground. We came up another mine, and made our egress into the open air, a quarter of a mile nearly, from the place where we entered. It was the Dorothea we came up, the deepest and richest of the Harz mines. After coming up from the mines we visited the mint, a small establishment of old date. About \$11,000, mostly in silver pieces of about half a Spanish dollar in value, are coined weekly, and paid out in wages to the labourers; two hundred of the latter were dismissed the day we were there.’